

ADDRESS

BY

SAMUEL APPLETON, ESQ.,

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

SOUTHBOROUGH, MASS., JAN. 1, 1867.

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BOSTON :

PRINTED BY ALFRED MUDGE & SON, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

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SOUTHBOROUGH, Jan. 2, 1867.

SAMUEL APPLETON, Esq. :

*Dear Sir,*—The undersigned are charged with the pleasant duty of tendering to you the thanks of the citizens of Southborough, for your able and eloquent address delivered before them on the occasion of the dedication of our Soldiers' Monument, and of conveying to you their earnest desire, that the same may be placed in a proper form for preservation and for future reference.

We therefore respectfully request a copy for publication.

Your obedient servants,

JOSEPH BURNETT,  
JONAS FAY,  
S. N. THOMPSON.

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SOUTHBOROUGH, Jan. 4, 1867.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT, JONAS FAY, and S. N. THOMPSON :

*Dear Sirs,*—Your note of the 2d inst., requesting a copy of my address at the Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, was duly received. It gives me great pleasure to comply with your very flattering request. I will send you a copy as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL APPLETON.

## A D D R E S S .

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WE are met here to-day in memory of those whose dust is as sacred as that of kindred ; to commemorate their deeds, and celebrate their virtues. The buried are now immortal. In honoring them, we honor ourselves. They need no mausoleum of earth, no cloud-piercing monument of stone, to do them honor. Eternity has sealed their witness to the truth, and unending ages will only serve to swell the measure of their greatness. We know that the hearts of a grateful people are the most secure depositories of distinguished merit. We know that no work of ours, no structure made with hands, which may not outlast the memory of man, can seek to prolong their remembrance. But we desire to show our own deep sense of obligations conferred ; our admiration of patience under suffering, of heroic achievement, of enduring, hopeful, Christian patriotism.

This monument is not erected to a noble lineage, or a long line of ancestry : among the names carved upon it are perhaps those of humble men, but those of men who by their own exertions have writ their

names high on the pinnacle of fame,—a fame of which we may well all be envious; men who in their own lives have wrought out the noblest of true democratic principles,—that a man shall for himself obtain the position which he shall occupy in history; neither exalted by high birth, nor oppressed by lowly condition.

In the language of one of New England's sons, "Only shallow pretenders make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or humble origin a matter of personal reproach. No man, who is not ashamed of himself, need ever be ashamed of his early condition."

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

We raise this monument with no desire to keep alive the smouldering ashes of sectional animosity, but rather, by its example, to renew the flames of liberty and union.

We raise it for an example to our children,—not of death, but of immortality. We raise it as an example of valor that would know no repulse, of hope that would yield to no despondency, of love of liberty that could conquer even the fear of death.

"Firm and undaunted yet, they stood, nor thought  
That liberty too dearly could be bought;

Inestimable prize, for that alone,  
Life was not counted dear, nor e'en their own."

A work of love and gratitude has been accomplished; and we are here assembled to-day to celebrate the conclusion of our undertaking. This monument was erected, in a great measure, by the patriotic munificence of one of our former townsmen, not with us here to-day; and, for the rest, by the voluntary donations of the citizens of the town. It speaks for itself, and gains for the architect our thanks and commendation.

Southborough may be congratulated on the fulfilment of this sacred work; this silent evidence that she is not unmindful of the deep debt of gratitude under which she labors.

By the blessing of God, war had for many years been almost unknown to our happy country. Our prosperity had been unexampled: our boundaries had been continually enlarging. It was indeed strange work for the yeomanry of New England, but their country called, and they did not shrink from the perilous trial. We all remember, how in the Spring of '61, men of all ranks and stations pressed eagerly forward. The brief of the lawyer was abandoned; the desk of the merchant was deserted; the plough rusted in the unfinished furrow. Mothers

gave up without a murmur their first-born, wives their husbands, fathers the staff of their old age. All stood side by side, animated with one hope, one cause, one country. The whole country was ours, from the Lakes to the Gulf,—whole and undivided! As such had we received it from our Fathers; and as such, by the help of God, will we transmit it to our children. It was all ours, by right of a common conflict and a common triumph. The sons of the wanderers of the Mayflower, and the descendants of the Huguenots, stood shoulder to shoulder, in firm phalanx, during the dark days of the Revolution. Every battle-field, from Lexington and Concord until the tide of war was rolled back at Yorktown, was stained by the blood of the Puritan. Every State contained beneath its sod the bones of New England men, slain in defence of one common country. And it was right that the land, won by the united valor, consecrated by the common blood of both sections, should remain forever one glorious heritage, where the descendants of those who made it freedom's sacred soil might recognize their own—their native land.

It was in such a cause as this, that the men of Massachusetts were willing to leave the quiet pursuits to which they were wedded by nearly half

a century of undisturbed peace. Led by no boyish desire for military adventure, no hireling's love of gain, nor hope of conquest, nor mere vaulting ambition, were these men, who—peaceful means failing—were ready to trust all to the arbitrament of the sword.

Urged by stern principle, and under the rallying cry of "Liberty and Union," they exchanged, in the radiant spring-time, their happy homes on the green hill-side, or down the bright blossoming valley, for war's rude alarms and the dark scenes of the battle-field.

Southborough, out of a population of about eighteen hundred, furnished for the army and navy during the war two hundred and six men, being about one out of every nine of its inhabitants. All the calls of the President for men were promptly answered, and there remained at the conclusion of the war a surplus to the credit of the town. We are greatly indebted to the thoughtful labor of one of our townsmen—a patriotic labor of love, commenced in the first summer of the war—for a careful and reliable history of each of the representatives of the town in the army and navy; a work of the greatest value and interest. Much credit is due to the officers of the town for the record she is now able to show of her



action during the late war. Money was freely contributed, and men and women vied with each other in helping on the work. It will always be a source of pleasure and satisfaction for us to remember that Southborough was always ready to furnish her best and her bravest for the preservation of the national integrity.

The time we have selected for the completion of our work seems to me peculiarly appropriate. It is just two years ago since the downfall of Savannah signalled the final crash of the Rebellion. It seemed like the grand, introductory overture to the rapid drama of the spring. As the old year has closed on bright faces and happy homes, there is nothing in the prospect of the new to make us fearful of the destruction of that condition of affairs which makes the people hopeful. Though we may not now see clearly through many of the grave questions now engrossing the public mind, we have been taught by the ample and inspiring experience of the last few years that they will not of necessity be wrongly adjusted because the issue may be for the present hidden. Every American has learned to confide in the public heroism and the public judgment as he never did before. If we are prouder than ever before, it is a legitimate pride; if we are more

confident than ever before, it is a justifiable faith; if there has ever been a true movement of the people, it was the late war; if a people ever moved nobly and steadily onward, it was this people.

There will always be, as the old Christmas season returns, an ever renewed tenderness of private remembrance and of public respect for the flower of our youth which the fierce war-blast withered. In our festive garlands we shall weave a leaf of rue, and in the glistening evergreen see more than that sturdy plant. For those who have been spared to us from out the fierce combat, there will ever be a Christmas welcome in all faithful hearts. And for those who so long and so persistently maintained the contest against the national integrity, there will be amongst us mingled feelings, as these old domestic and religious feasts return; but in these feelings nothing of vindictiveness nor hate. This festival commemorates the birth of Him who died for all, and thereby sealed their common humanity. And, if this Christmas season could convince our late enemies that "Peace on earth" springs only from "good-will towards men," how gladly would we all, forgetting the past, and looking forward to a happy future, join hands from North to South, from shore to shore, and re-echo

that jubilant chorus, heard first by the faithful shepherds of Galilee, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

We are honored to-day, with the presence of veterans of many a hard-fought field—no mere holiday soldiers; men to whom the words Fair Oaks, Yorktown, Malvern Hill, are terrible realities; men who toiled through the mud of the Peninsula; men who were beaten back at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, but who stood like walls of their own native granite at Antietam and Gettysburg; men who pressed with Grant from the Wilderness to the James and Petersburg, and joined with him in the grand revelry of the conclusion.

Fair Oaks! Malvern Hill! What recollections crowd upon us! We remember as it were but yesterday the tedious trench-duty in the dismal swamps of the Chickahominy, borne without a murmur, when Richmond, the object of our ambition, seemed almost within our grasp. We had but to reach forth for it, and it was ours. But, ah! the sickening anguish of the retreat, the rude destruction of fondly cherished hopes!

Fredericksburg! Gettysburg! We see again the long grey lines; we feel the maddening pulse-beat; we hear the loud, exulting hurrah; we

see the volumes of smoke rising like the mists of a summer morning; we hear the shrill, shrieking shell; we resolve again that where the drum beats, the rifles gleam, the old flag waves, we'll follow, though we die; we hear above the roar of battle the ringing command, "Close up: Steady: Forward:" and we press on to the fierce attack.

And then, when the fight is over, there comes the dreary, weary searching by the dim torch-light rendering more ghastly the silent faces of the dead, fearing lest in each we should discover some loved comrade who should share with us no more the bivouac, nor follow the dear old flag.

We see the long, shallow trench, dug not for a protection against the enemy, but for the last resting-place of departed heroes. There they are buried, as they had fought, side by side, men of the East by men of the West, cementing with their blood this holy union. What matter where they lie nameless and unknown? Pillow their weary heads there where they fought so well, under the Southern sun, in a land hallowed by human suffering, by human courage, by valor and by woe.

Libby! Salisbury! What horrors they recall; what dying out of hope; what rending of the soul! Above their portals might well have been written "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

And then the last grand day of all, when your fighting was all over, no more fierce attacks, no more guarding trenches parched by the summer's sun, or stiffened by the winter frost! At last had you conquered peace: at last the Army of the Potomac was quiet. In the radiant light of that summer Sabbath you could rejoice in a Union restored by your exertions, in a nation's honor vindicated by your blood, in the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, rendered more than ever glorious by your achievements.

But how was our day of rejoicing changed into a day of gloom, by the death of him who for four long years of war had been our leader! Struck down by the ruthless hand of a cowardly assassin in the very hour of triumph, he had lived long enough to endear himself to the hearts of each one of us.

“He

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off.”

To those of us who remained at home during those long, weary years, what heart-burnings, what feelings of utter want, while our loved ones were in the field, in jeopardy every hour! What longings for the news, what anxious dread lest in the long,

sad lists we should read the names of our dear ones! What hopes deferred, what expectations blasted, and, I had almost said, what despair of the Republic in those days of sad disaster! And, when news of victory came, what rejoicings were ours, what sorrow for our lost ones, what pride in their achievements! How vivid the remembrance!

To you, fellow-soldiers, there will always be grateful recollections of constant comforts which kind, gentle hands were continually preparing at home for those in the field. History has no fairer page than that filled by the women of America during the late war.

Southborough has added seventeen names to the long list of martyrs. The victory was costly: we knew it would be. They died,—old and young together; the youth, full of eager hope and flattering anticipations of long life, crowned with successful achievement; the middle-aged, leaving home, family, and all near and dear unto him; the old man, to whose grey locks peace and quiet, and the sight of generations growing up around him seemed more appropriate than scenes of strife and bloodshed.

With infinite sorrow to thousands of homes all over the land, by the shore, in the wilderness, among the hills, the heroic blood was poured forth

which shall baptize into the faith and love of liberty the nation which it saved.

Seventeen men! They were of us: they had grown up among us. Their bones are scattered from the green banks of the Potomac to the sandy shores of the Rio Grande, but their memories are enshrined in the hearts of each one of us here to-day. We remember them as when they went from us, in the possession of all that constitutes true manhood; with unflinching courage, firm faith in the justice of their cause, and a determination to win success,—if need be, with their lives.

To some there are even more tender recollections. To the mother, in the long, sad twilight, there come, like angels' visits, remembrances of early childhood. She sees them, as when they used to love to search among the thickets for the first wild flowers of spring, and cannot believe that they will never search there more. She thinks of the treacherous paling by the brookside, but forgets that they will never topple from the bank. She may hang the hatchet from a lower nail now, for the hand that used to steal possession of it is stiff,—is fast. God has it. "The sweetest flowers may wither, and the sweetest flowers may wait for the hand that shall pluck them never again."

Seventeen men! Their hopes were as ardent, their

love of life as strong as in each one of us. They died for their homes, their kindred, their friends. They died for their country. What nobler epitaph could man desire? They died for us. Let us strive to live worthy of their example and of their suffering. Theirs was the danger, and the long, long doubt and struggle; but not the triumph of victory, and the return. They have joined the vast army of those who have gone to answer to the muster-roll above. They seem among us here to-day,—ghostly visitants: the air is filled with whispers. They seem detailed to guard the well-fought fields, “still on duty encamped around us;” veterans, who have acquired their promotion. No more for them the long, weary night-march, the broken slumber, the dreary picket. The rude alarm will not rouse them from their deep repose. The autumn rains have fallen on their heads, the snows of winter have been their shroud, the violets of spring have adorned their lowly couch, and summer has been joyous where they rest; but the brightness of spring-time, and the sunshine of summer, will not wake them now.

Under the winter's snows,  
Shielded from harm,  
Past all the pain that knows  
Battle's alarm;



Safe from all mortal foes,  
Free from all earthly woes,  
Sleeping in sweet repose,  
Death's holy charm.

Under the summer sod,  
Still shall they sleep,  
Called to thy peace, O God!  
Tranquil and deep;  
Naught shall disturb their rest,  
Mansioned among the blest,  
Them shall the Shepherd's breast  
Tenderly keep.

In the beautiful language of Irving, "The grave covers every error, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring only fond regrets and tender recollections." There are chasms in our riven hearts which time will seek in vain to fill, "Whence misty mem'ries rise, to break in tears." If we could, we would not bring them back to us: not even their mothers would give their dead sons for any living ones. By their deaths they have achieved an immortality of fame. Their sacrifices, sufferings, heroism, have not been in vain. Dead, yet living, the example of their patience, their hope, their patriotism, can never die. Loved and lamented, but immortal!

"Come to the bridal chamber, death;  
Come to the mother, when she feels

## APPENDIX.

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EARLY in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, Mr. Henry H. Peters, a public spirited citizen of Southborough, offered five hundred dollars towards building a Memorial Soldiers' Monument, upon condition that an equal amount should be subscribed by other citizens of the town.

The offer was promptly accepted, and upwards of one thousand dollars in addition were pledged for that purpose. Messrs. Joseph Burnett, Jonas Fay and S. N. Thompson were appointed a Committee to carry forward the work to completion.

The monument is of Fitzwilliam granite, and was built by E. F. Meany, of Boston, from a design by A. R. Esty, Esq. It is twenty feet high; sits on two bases, above which is the die bearing the names of the heroes. At the top of the die begins the shaft; in octagonal form, with gables on each of the cardinal sides, — the whole terminating in a graceful obelisk. On the first base, which is five feet square, is given the date of erection. On the second, four feet square, are inscribed, — on the front side, the south, "*Erected by citizens of Southborough;*" on the east, "*In Memoriam;*" on the north, "*Our Country's Defenders;*" and on the West, "*Rebellion 1861.*" The names of those to whose memory the monument has been erected, are arranged according to the branches of service to which they belonged. The die is capped on the four faces by representations of the emblems of the four branches, — Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Navy.

The following are the names of those who have died in the service of the country, and which are inscribed on the monument : —

W. E. BUCK, 20th Regiment.	P. H. CLEARY, 13th Regiment.
O. EDWARDS, 1st Regiment.	H. L. FAY, 20th Regiment.
E. A. FREDERICK, 56th Regiment.	F. A. GOULD, 13th Regiment.
J. HAGGARTY, 9th Regiment.	P. KILGARRIFF, 58th Regiment.
R. MULSTEE, 57th Regiment.	G. W. NICHOLS, 16th Regiment.
A. G. PARKER, 12th Regiment.	C. A. TRASK, 13th Regiment.
E. J. WALKER, 51st Regiment.	H. N. WALKER, 51st Regiment.
C. H. WOODS, 1st Regiment.	C. F. FISHER, 3d Cavalry.
M. J. BURDITT, 4th Heavy Artillery.	

The dedication of this exceedingly neat and appropriate cenotaph was solemnly and impressively performed on the first day of January, A. D. 1867 ; and, notwithstanding the unsettled state of the weather and the hard travelling, a very large concourse of people assembled in the Orthodox Church to witness the interesting ceremonies. The alcove over the pulpit was overhung with American flags, in graceful festoons, while on either side, on a white ground bordered with evergreen, were tablets upon which were inscribed the names of the seventeen fallen heroes.

At the appointed hour, eleven o'clock, the services commenced by the singing of the hymn, "Loved ones rest." The Rev. Mr. Colby, Pastor of the Society, then read the 68th Psalm, and offered prayer. After these opening exercises, Mr. Burnett, for the Committee, made a brief report ; and introduced Mr. William P. Willson, who read a brief history of the seventeen men who had died in their country's service. [This interesting and very valuable paper of statistics is here omitted in the expectation that it, together with a full account of all the soldiers enlisted from Southborough, will be furnished to the town by Mr. Willson for publication.]

Samuel Appleton, Esq., the Orator of the day, was next introduced and delivered the foregoing Address, which occupied nearly an hour, and held the large audience in perfect accord and sympathy.

Appropriate music followed. Maj. Gen. Gordon was next called upon, and made an excellent and most effective extempore speech.

The following letter from Governor Bullock was then read :

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

BOSTON, Dec. 31, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your kind invitation to participate in an interesting and solemn ceremonial, and deeply regret that public duties, so urgent at this season, deprive me alike of the honor and the privilege. For I confess that it would afford me peculiar pleasure to aid, in any appropriate way, in the dedication of this early and generous tribute to the gallant dead of my native country.

With intelligent liberality, your citizens have erected a "Soldier's Monument;" but those in whose honor it is reared have passed beyond the domain of praise. In the smoke of the battle, or on the couch of lingering pain, for their friends and for their country they have gone home to God.

But through your considerate care, each "being dead yet speaketh;" for his name, engraved on the enduring stone of that structure your hands have builded, shall complete the true idea of a monument; not only reminding, but teaching by example, and inspiring others with patriotic impulses to heroic deeds.

Not alone in your pleasant village, but through every hamlet and in every valley of the country so dear to me by birth and association, there is mourning for the departed. For never in the late fearful struggle was the Flag of our Country so far advanced, but the young men of Worcester rallied and died around it. In too many a home there is the cry of those who will not be com-

forted. My warmest sympathies are with you and them, and while the lasting granite and the faithful marble perpetuate the memory of the dead, let us with equal persistence and fidelity execute the legacy they have trustingly bequeathed to us — the kindest care of their widows and fatherless.

With the highest regard,

I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

To Dr. JOSEPH BURNETT, Chairman, &c., Southborough, Mass.

Mr. Burnett called upon Rev. Mr. Whitney, who responded in a brief and appropriate manner, giving some interesting details of his experience among the soldiers of the army.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the congregation and choir united in closing the exercises of this very interesting occasion in singing "America."

For the first time her first-born's breath, —  
And thou art terrible.  
But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be."

So let them rest. Their glory is deposited  
where misfortune cannot tarnish, where malice  
cannot blast. Bring, then, no cypress here; bring  
laurels to these graves. Sound, then, no funeral  
dirge; but with loud, swelling anthems roll the  
notes of praise.